E.12.35 19

A

SERMON

Preached at

St. *Margarets* in *Weſtminſter*,

At the FUNERAL of

BIBL. CANT. CAD.

Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY,

Daughter of *Henry Gray*, Eſq; of *Enfield* in *Staffordſhire*; who on the 29 of *October*, 1654. began her Eternal Sabbath.

By *Robert Waring*, M. A. of *Oxford*.

Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly.

And it was a cuſtom in Iſrael that the Dauzhters of Iſrael went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephtha the Gileadite, four days in a year, Judges 11. ult.

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1229:90

2 Sam 12. 15, to 24. v 22, 23.

And he said, while the Child was yet alive I fasted and wept; For I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the Child may live? (23) But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall goe to him, but he shall not return to me.

IT is not only the wonder of *Davids* Servants, but of all that read the Story, why *David* should fast and weep while the Child was yet alive, and dry up his tears upon the first news of the Childs death? why he should mourn and afflict himself, while there was some hopes, with the fear of that death which he mourn'd not, when it

hapned? This is so contrary to the Custom and Manners of most men that seek the chiefest relief and ease of their miseries from their complaints and sorrows, and indulge the sad remembrance of their Losses as a kind of Reparation and Remedy while they recover them, at least in their memories, and find them represented in their tears, and therefore at the death of friends they invite others to bear a part with them in their grief and lamentation.

Yet seeing *David* was a man after Gods own heart, and therefore his Temper and very complexion more refin'd and purified with holy allayes, and even his passions are more to be imitated by us (for a good man is a living rule to others, his example the best Sermon, and most pleasing direction to us, who are ever sociable sinners, or Saints, and regard more what we see others do, than what we ought to doe.) Let us Learn here from *David*, not from the funeral Preacher, how

how we are to behave our ſelves, what we are to do in the ſickneſs and death of friends (whether Children or other near Relations.)

This one example leads us through all the Duties we owe to others in the ſaddeſt caſes, this directs us: 1. How to behave our ſelves amidſt the confuſion of fears and hopes in the ſickneſſes of our friends. 1ſt. To ſeek to God before the Phyſician; to diſtill our Tears for Balm, and apply our Prayers for their firſt Cure; to lend them breath from our Petitions, from our ſobs and cryes, before the ſentence of death be paſs'd. Who can tell whether God will have mercy on us, and not bereave us of ſo great content?

2ly. How to appeaſe and moderate our grief after the death of others, which we could not by our tears or prayers prevent. *But now he is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt? [ſhould I mourn or afflict my ſelf] Can I bring him back again?*

3ly. How to return to our ſelves having

loſt our Friends, and from the death of others to prepare for our own. *I ſhall goe to him, but he ſhall not return to me.*

Theſe 3 Conſiderations will beſt repreſent the Pattern in the moſt lively practical Lines for our imitation, and ſerve beſt to turn this ſtory into an uſefull moral.

1. How we are to behave our ſelves in the ſickneſſes and viſitations of others? Here good nature will joyn with piety to enforce theſe duties.

We are to conſider what ever preſent viſitations, as the effects and puniſhments of our ſins, as well as theirs who are viſited particularly indeed: This was manifeſt in this caſe of *David*, where the Child being truly conceived in the ſin of the Father, and born in the iniquity of the Mother, (in adultery) could have the ſhame and ſtain of his birth only blotted out by death, and covered by the Grave,

But this may be a ſafe, uſefull, and proper conſideration in the viſitation of any Friend, to look upon his diſeaſe as bred

from

from Gods anger againſt us, his puniſh-
ment of our ſins, as well as from his own
diſtemper. How know'ſt thou whether 1.
God takes him from thee, as he did St.
Auſtines friend, to free him from thy cor-
ruptions? who wert apter to delight in
him as an aſſociate or brother in Iniquity,
in Luxury, as that friend in *Minutius* (*in
erroribus ſocius, in amoribus conſcius*) as a
partner in ſins, a ready aſſiſtant in unlaw-
ful pleaſures, and confident in wild exceſ-
ſes, endeared by mutual ſecrecy, and ſoci-
e-y in vice; then as that friend characered
by the Pſalmiſt, a friend with whom thou
mighteſt take ſweet counſel together, and
goe up together to the houſe of the Lord,
whence it is that God ſnatcheth him from
thee, as *Lot* out of *Sodom*, to prevent his in-
fection firſt, and then his deſtruction by 2.
thy ſins; or elſe to free thee frō thy immo-
derate Love and Carnal Affection; God re-
moves the Object, and thus with Jealouſie
courts thy affection; he ſuffers thee to enjoy
nothing over much, which ſhould ſhare in
that Love and Devotion which thou ow-

eſt to God alone. Thus looking on children (on friends) as greater ſtayes and contents of life, as ſo many Pins to faſten your Tabernacle on the earth; God looſens the Pins, to looſen your affections from the earth, and by degrees to bring you to a ſtricter dependance on him. Out of the ſenſe of this ſo affectionate deſign of our jealous God, did the noble Matron *Melania* entertain the death of a Husband and two Sons at once, with that pious Exclamation: *Expeditius tibi ſervitura ſum Domine; quia me tanto onere liberaſti*; Thou haſt, O my Lord, provided that I may henceforth ſerve thee more freely, having releaſed thy ſervant from ſo great incumbrances and diſtractions.

In this regard *David* hereuſed the moſt proper Cure of Gods anger, and his own carnal affections, faſting, weeping, and praying. Who can tell whether God will have mercy on me? forgive me my ſin and delinquency, for which the Child is ſentenc'd to death, that the Child may live.

This

This Remedy of Praying and Fasting for our own sins in Another, is like the weapon-salve that doth so strange and secret cures, being apply'd to the putrify'd matter, and the guilty weapon that made the wound, not to the patient.

2. This Consideration, that sicknesses, being but the Attachments and approaches of death, are (as death is said to be) the wages of sin, sets us on our first work, To remove the Cause, our sins, before we may hope to take away the Effect, the disease of our friend. This Order the ancient Canons seem'd to point at, which enjoyned the sick to send for his Confessor, before his Physician. Think then thy friends consumption proceeds from thy languishing towards God, from the decay of holy heat and zeal in thee. Think his Feaver but a just judgment on thy impure flames of Lust, or Envy, or Revenge, or thy immoderate affection towards him; his Lameness upbraids thy halting between God and the world; his

Stone

stone the Symptome of the hardneſs of thy heart; his bad ſpleen argues thy rotton malice, and whatever corruptions anſwering ſtill ſome more corrupt deſires of thy Soul, ſo wilt thou find as great neceſſity to Phyſick, and purge thy Soul, as the others body.

3. After the Cauſe is removed, by waſhing away with thy tears thine own or thy friends ſtains, then mayſt thou ſafely, orderly (and as the Phyſicians preſcribe *ſecundum artem*) proceed to remove the Effect; to uſe all the means God allows for recovery; for to this end (ſaith the wiſe man) God created the Phyſician as well as the herbs of the field, for the time of need: Only remember that you firſt beg the life of God, before you ſeek it from the Phyſician. 'Twas *Aſahs* fault, not that he ſought the Phyſician, but that he did not ſeek the Lord; 2 *Chron.* 16. 12. only as you uſe the means, ſo truſt not in them, but in Gods bleſſing, and believe they have no farther operation, or vertue, than

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while they are joyn'd with your Prayers. *Epaphroditus* Recovery St. *Paul* aſcribes to Gods mercy on him, and on the *Corinthians*, but his mercy awakened by prayers. *Phil.* 2. 26, 27. his own preſervation from the ſentence of death paſs'd againſt him at *Epheſus* to combate with wild beaſts [1. *Cor.* 15, 32. which was drawn upon him by more Salvage Beaſts; *Demetrius* and his Silver Smiths, *Act* 19. 24] he imputes to the Prayers of the *Corinthians* 2 *Cor.* 1. 8, 9, 10, 11. Who knowes whether our letting our hands fall from prayer hath not caus'd death to prevail over the perſon we now mourn for?

2. Duty or enquiry. How we are to moderate our grief in the death of near Relations, which by theſe degrees will be diſcovered.

1. Some affections, ſome natural paſſions are not to be denied; God doth not, like the *Lacedemonians*, load his Children with ſtripes, and require that hardineſs in them, that they ſhould return no ſigns

of griefs nor groans at all. 'Tis no Stoical Apathy, no senseless stupidity God requires, but only patience under his chastisements; for if we did not feel the blow, how should we look up to the hand that smites us? How should affliction lead us to godly sorrow, but by that sensible sorrow which is according to the world? that which is natural is first, and then that which is spiritual. Even worldly sadness, and melancholy is a good disposition to Devotion, and a fair degree to an humble temper. We find our Saviour weeping over *Lazarus* Grave, insomuch as the people could inferr thence, *See how much he loved him. John* 11. 35, 36. I know no Divinity (but that which the Sword and the Spirit, unlike that which came in the shape of a Dove, hath framed in this latter age) that excludes humanity, but delights always to plant it self in soft breasts, and either make or finds good nature. I find in the Catalogue, and Spawne of highest Crimes (which the dreggs

dreggs of these last times should bring forth) ἀστοργία, want of natural affection, reckoned 2 *Tim.* 3.3. and that joyn'd with Haters of God, Truce-breakers, False-Accusers, unthankful, cursed Speakers, having a shew of godliness, and denying the power thereof (*Rom.* 1. 30.) And the Apostle argues it strongly ; *How can he love God whom he hath not seen, who loves not his brother whom he hath seen* ?

So then, tis not only not unlawful, but a duty to mourn with those that mourn, if you will receive the Apostles Prescription, *Rom.* 12. 15. It is in the Scripture noted as an extream judgment and curse on the wicked, *Job* 27. 15. (*Ps.* 78. 64.) his Widows shall not weep, as either wanting leasure from other sorrows, or liberty from their cruel enemies, or oppressed with Gods sore displeasure, so far as to yield and acknowledge the just curse with silence, *Jer.* 16. 5. 7. or else having spent their tears and grief, and dryed up the fountain of sorrow, their very heart, *Ezek.* 24.

16, 17, 22. 23. that the heavieſt judgment you ſhall not mourn nor weep, but ſhall pine away in your iniquity, and mourn one towards another, for one to comfort another, &c. Tears are the firſt office we do for our ſelves, and the laſt for others.

They may not pleaſe themſelves, that can with dryeſt eyes behold the ſickneſſes, the loſſes, the Funerals of Friends, as who had attain'd a greater meaſure of Religion or Diſcretion, or the Spirit, or who had ſubdued their deſires to a perfecter Reſignation, and ſubmiſſion to Gods will. Let them queſtion themſelves whether this Apathy, this ſtoutneſs, proceeds not from a ſpirit void of ſenſe and natural affection, and not from an humble Reſignation to the Providence and pleaſure of God; whether this calm ariſe not alike to that of the dead Sea, from a curſe?

2. On the other ſide, Though Religion forbids not mourning, yet it forbids us to mourn as thoſe that have no hopes; Though it excludes not all grief, ye it mo-

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derates our grief, and teacheth us to turn our ſadneſs to an holy ſorrow, our melancholy to devotion, and convert our diſcontents to repentance. Religion otherwiſe will require us to weep our Carnal Tears over again, when they flow either from immoderate or mere worldly ſorrow. Hence then we are to enquire,

3. How far we are to mourn? For what, and how we are to grieve? and that either in regard

of the { *Object*, or *Meaſure of our grief.*

1. In regard of the meaſure of our grief, we are ſo far to mourn, as we joyn prayers with our tears; ſo far, (which is the true meaſure of all our paſſions, by which we may diſcern when they are immoderate) as not to indulge fruitleſs tears and complaints, inſtead of real duties. When our paſſions hinder not the free uſe of reaſon and Religion, and take not up the place of other Services, when they cauſe us not

to omit the Evening Sacrifice, as *Aaron* did upon grief for the death of his two Sons, *Nabad* and *Abihu*, *Lev.* 10. *ult.* which yet *Moſes* is ſaid to be content with, and God to permit, not that he indulgeth more the extremities of this paſſion, (which moſt baniſheth the ſenſe of Humanity or Piety) but in regard of ſome holy Reflection in this his grief, that included ſome ſorrow for the ſcandal and breach of Gods worſhip. This may be ſome cauſe why God would not permit his Prieſts that natural Affection, to mourn for any friends, but their neareſt kin, *Lev.* 21. 2. Leſt it ſhould make them leſs holy, God would have them leſs humane then others. He would have them eſteem no relation ſo near to them, as that of God and his Service; He ſuffers them not to grieve for the loſs of any thing, while they may, in ſo near a diſtance, enjoy God; the reaſon is alledged *verſe* 6. In them it is interpreted Profaneneſs, what in others were but a commendable affection, and ſign of a good nature; ſeeing

seeing sorrow indulg'd, must needs bring with it some distraction in Religion. The Heavinesse of heart for Christs departure, caus'd the Disciples to sleep, when they should have watched and pray'd. St. *Gregory* breaks off his Comment on *Ezekiel*, to write Epitaphs on his Son; as *Aaron* omits the evening sacrifice, or a great part of the Ceremonie, at his Sons death.

2. In regard of the object; we are to mourn for sins first, and then for afflictions, sicknesses, deaths, as the Effects and Consequents of sin. So that death, and other evils, are the improper and secundary objects of sorrow, Sin the only proper object of grief, and just cause of tears;

Because, 1st. Sin is the only evil, *John* 17. 15. being the cause of all other evils: and without which miseries themselves are not miserable, but are turned to the innocent to Exercises of their graces, and occasions of redoubled Rewards and Glories.

1. Sorrow in other evils, save in sins only

only, is uſeleſs, and brings no proper remedy, but adds more diſquiet to our troubles. Our tears naturally fall upon our breaſts, as it were to waſh the ſtains of that part; and are not to be waſted over graves, that may ſave ſouls. Our tears ('twas the complaint of St. *Chryſoſtome*) are moſt abus'd by us; we laviſh and ſpend them where they are not availeable, on outward evils, or over the dead. We ſeldom (ſaith he) weep in the right place.

But, as ſins firſt deſerve our ſorrow, ſo affliction and miſery, the conſequents of ſin, more ſenſibly provoke our griefs, and are indeed the juſt, but ſecondary cauſe and objects of Sorrow. Whence Sickneſſes and Deaths are to be conſidered and look'd on as the wages (nothing ſurer than the Hirelings wages) the effects and conſequents of Sin.

For firſt, ſo Sin and Affliction in Scripture are both repreſented under the name of Death. *Open my eyes O Lord, that I ſleep not in death*; that is, in Sin that leads unto Death,

Death, *Pſ.* 13. 3. *Pray unto the Lord to take away this death only*, *Exod.* 10. 17. that is, the plague of Vermin, that did not ſo much threaten to deſtroy, as to diſquiet *Pharaohs* life; In the Prophet, (*Ezek.* 7.) ſword without, and death within, is threatned, when Famine, Plague, and other meſſengers of death are denounced; whereupon the wiſe man concludes ſafely, *Prov.* 8 38. *He that loves ſin, loves death.*

2. To look on Affliction otherwiſe, as not ſent by providence, either to puniſh or to diſcipline us: as the Fiery Tryal, either to refine and purge, to better us, or to conſume us: as the Wind, either to fanne or to ſcatter us utterly; is to look on them no otherwiſe than the Heathen, as Chances, and the caſual events of the Fates. Thus to bear them as things of courſe, without any thoughts of Sin, is to ſay that affliction riſeth out of the duſt, or (what is a blaſphemy God leſs endureth) That God willingly grieveth the children of men, (*Jupiter non nocet, niſi ut proſit*, Sen.)

From this consideration, (that Death and all other evils, are the effects and consequents of Sin) will follow these farther Inferences.

1. Against security in health or youth, that as death came into the world by Sin, so it came over all the world, in that all have sinned: that we may not wonder when we find Children conceived in Sin should have death bequeathed to them, before they are well entred into life. Whence they which are not marks large enough for any of Deaths darts, for any wound, are yet wounded so often by it, and find their grave in the womb, that even the Child that is not grown to *Davids* span, is yet old enough to die. No security in any place or state of life, while we carry about us, not a body only, but a soul temper'd with contrary and corrupt humors, and a body of sin and death, as well as of flesh. We may conclude with the Apostle, *Rom.* 8.10. *The body is dead through sin.* What wonder if so many are cut off

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in the flower of their ſtrength, e're they well know how to live, and leſs how to die. 'Tis the ſinner, not the ſick or aged perſon, dies. Paradice alone had the tree of Life in it; when *Adam* was caſt out of that, into this our Earth, he brought nothing but Death, and the Emblemes of Mortality: See him no ſooner faln, than caſt out of Paradice, a flaming ſword, and a deſtroying Angel driving him from the Tree of Life: the skins of Beaſts, that is, Mortality it ſelf ſerving to cover him; and at laſt he condemn'd to dig continually the earth, and to prepare his own Grave; His poſterity ever ſince feeding their Luxury, and ſuſtaining their life with the death of birds and beaſts (*mortibus veſcimur*) doth not he ſeem to have planted in this our earth the tree of Death? whereon all the fruits periſh, e're they come to maturity, ſome in the bud, others in the growth. We paſs through ſo many deaths to Eternal life: from the womb of the mother, of the world, of the earth, to heaven. In

the midſt of life we are in death, and like ſentenc'd perſons, under a reprieve, however we are permitted to live, yet to enjoy no certainty of life, as not knowing when we may be called forth to execution. While we walk upon earth, we alwayes tread over our graves, and know not whether our next ſtep may bring us into it. For our bed is made in the dark, and our graves lie ready open for us, but as pits covered with ſnow.

2 Againſt impatience, or Immoderate ſorrow. If ſin brings forth death, we are to conſider death as an evil, not ſo much inflicted by God, as drawn upon our ſelves by our own deſerts, and as it were our own choice; and therefore with more patience to be indured, *Wiſd.* c. 13. 16. God made not death (*adeo non eſt creatione, ſed ordinatione aut ultione in pœnam peccati,* he fram'dit not, he meant it not for a creature, but ordain'd it for a puniſhment of his diſobedient creature) for then ſhould the great work-man have deſtroy'd his own

works,

works, which yet he allow'd to be good; the Creator ſhould have been the *Abbaddon*, ἀπολλύων, the Confounder of his own creature; but death was the creature of Mans Invention, and as his own brood, makes way for its birth, like the Viper, by eating through the entrails of the Parent.

3. Againſt fear of death as well as ſorrow, that as other Afflictions, ſo death in its ſelf is not ſimply evil, and therefore not ſimply to be fear'd or mourn'd, but in reference to ſin, the ſting of death is ſin. Sin alone makes death deadly, and miſeries miſerable. Death, like thoſe creatures, which take their colours from the place to which they cleave (as the *Polypus* and *Camæleon*) become good or evil, as the perſons are to whom it happens: It is the voice from Heaven, could our dull earth be perſwaded to hear it, that they are bleſſed who dy in the Lord, What is it then we mourn for? either our friends loſs? who is more bleſſed by dying in the Lord (*Rev.* 14.13.) who hath exchang'd the company

of helpleſs friends, for the ſociety of Angels, the Valley of Tears for the Regions of Joy; and (in a word) Earth for Heaven: or do we mourn (which is the truth if we would put off our mourning Veil) our own loſs of a friend? a loſs of a content, of an Inſtrument of Gods Providence, which ſtill remains the ſame, and retains the ſame power and goodneſs, to ſupply as great contents as it hath taken away.

Whence will follow the laſt conſideration in this point of moderating our grief.

4. Having ordered aright our ſorrows, the better to moderate them, we are to learn from *David* how to dry up our Tears, How to comfort our ſelves in the death of friends?

1. From their happy Fate and condition, the hope of a better life, whereof we receive any ſigns or aſſurances at their death. This was *Davids* main comfort here, I ſhall go to him, &c. the Child had got the Goal before him. *David* that wept

wept so impatiently for *Absolon*, wept not at all for this his dear infant, begot indeed in sin, but dying in innocence (*David parricidam Absolonem mortuum flevit, non Innocentem, fletur sceleratus, non fletur Dilectus*, Ambros de f. Res c 4.) Now the hopes of salvation are the surest and infallible in baptized children. They are undoubtedly sav'd saith our Church. And the Scripture assures by infinite arguments of it, that to little children belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven. For by Baptism having put on Christ, having past the laver of Regeneration, having drown'd the old man in Christs blood and death, and rais'd the new man, wash'd and cleans'd out of water, as it were to present Resurrection (seeing God saves by water the new world, as he destroyed the old, and that none could perish in the Ark) whereof Baptism is the Antitype, (so St. *Peter*) how can we doubt but that Christ receives them into his Arms in Heaven, as well as on Earth? and that they must needs be

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admitted into Paradice, who bring that innocence thither, which *Adam* loſt? Next to Children, our Hopes are moſt comfortable of thoſe, who have come neareſt thoſe little ones, and paſs'd their days in a Child-like Innocence and ſimplicity; having no opinions, no affections of their own, but what their Heavenly Father directs. Theſe we part with upon the eaſieſt Terms,

Profectio eſt quam putas mortem. cur moderatè feras abiiſſe quem mox ſubſequeris [*Tert. de pat.*] *Brevis vitæ uſus nec illi multum videtur eripuiſſe, nec tibi diſtuliſſe.* [*Amb. Reſ c 3.*]

(*Ut præmiſſos non amiſſos*) as only gone before, not taken away from us, as one abſent and retired to a warmer Clime and happier Region, not loſt, not dead; And why doſt thou ſo impatiently bear his departure, whom thou art ere long to follow? For he whom thou perſecuteſt thus with ſad thoughts, is but divided from thee by a ſhort *Iſthmus* (the breadth of the Grave) a narrow ſcantling and ſpace of Time, ſome fews days or moneths, or at moſt ſome few years, which are either taken from him, or reſerv'd to thee. Conctive then the bleſſed Spirits departed in the

the Lord, crying out from heaven to you, Weep not for us, but weep for your ſelves, who yet live in the Regions of Death, in the Borders of Sin and miſery. Why do ye parents forbid the Children to come unto Chriſt? Can ye believe the Mothers embraces ſofter than the Arms of their Saviour? Are they not much happier in *Abrams* Boſom, than in the Parents Lapp? If you have loſt a Child on earth, you have brought forth a Saint now in Heaven. Why do ye (O Friends) put on Blacks for them, who have put on their white Robes? Why ſhed ye tears for them, whoſe tears are wip'd from their eyes? Why ſuch Groans and Lamentations for them, whoſe mouthes are filled with ſongs and praiſes, to him that ſitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever? This is not kindneſs, but Envy, or ſome miſapprehenſion, or misbelief of their preſent condition. You grieve not thus for a Friend preferr'd to another Kingdom. *Jacob* turn'd his Tears into

ubertim fluentes lachrimas reprime, ne gravidis pietas in nepotem apud incredulas mentes deſperatio putetur in Deum. Deſiderandus eſt tibi, quaſi abſens, non quaſi mortuus, &c. —Illum expectare, non amiſiſſe videaris. [Hier. Ep. 24 ad Hebrid.]

Joy, when he received his Son *Joseph* as from the dead; restor'd not to life only, but to a Throne, *Gen.* 45. 27.

2. A secondary Comfort from the state irrevocable, unalterable, remedileſs, whereby *David* rather chides and reproves (violently ſtifling and ſuppreſſing his grief, as vain and unprofitable) than lenifieth or healeth it. Wherefore ſhould I now faſt? Can I bring him again? Can the conſuming of my fleſh reſtore his? Can my prayer lend breath to the deceaſed? Can my howlings, like the Lioneſs, revive the young One? And if I beat my breaſt, is there any Hopes, that, as the Pelican by piercing her breaſt, I may reſtore to life? How can tears, that cannot make the ſtrewed flowers grow again, revive the interr'd Carkaſs? No hopes now; the Spirit is returned to God that gave it, and no wreſting it out of his hands; The Plant dies in the ground, and yet through the ſcent of the water buds again; but Man dyeth and waſteth away, without

without hopes of ſpringing again, till the earth be no more, *Job* 14. 8, 9, 10. *&c.* He's gone, he's gone paſt recal. No remedy. We came not altogether, we muſt not go away together; what cannot be help'd, muſt be endured. Theſe are the Common Cordials of vulgar Comforters. But what if your grief in the ſame Impatience with *Auguſtus*, ſhall reply, as he did to his Daughter *Julia*, thus comforting him (Sir, Your Complaints cannot recal, cannot help, but trouble you, all is paſt remedy) that is it which grieves chiefly, That there is no remedy, no cure of the wound, no Recovery of the Loſs.

Add then to theſe uncertain Comforts of Reaſon, which are as eaſily confuted by a more peeviſh and ſullen Reaſon, that is apt to diſpute for its Paſſions,

3. A third comfort, from a Religious ſubmiſſion to God; For, as Reaſon commands us to yield to Neceſſity: So Religion bows us perfectly to ſtoop with willingneſs to this Neceſſity, as it proceeds

from Gods Providence and Mercy, ordering even our Losses to our good. Here is that forcible Masterer of our sorrow to a necessary submission to the power of the Almighty, which we foolishly provoke while we resist.

2. A voluntary Resignation (shall I say to the Providence and merciful disposing) or even to the holy will of God, now manifestly declared by the event; for as his other will is revealed in his Word, to be the rule of our life and actions, so this Ordering, Governing, Over-ruling Will, *revelata factis*, discovers Gods secret purposes, by the visible effects, and issues of things, to be the rule of our passions and sufferings. Do we dayly profess to God, *Thy will be done*, and now it appears to be particularly Gods will (seeing nothing is brought to pass in Heaven or in Earth without the will of him that ruleth over all) why do we not give the Lord leave to do what he will in Heaven and Earth, whom we so often standing profess the

Maker

Maker of Heaven and Earth? what Atheiſm now poſſeſſeth us, becauſe Gods will croſſeth ours, to ſtick at laſt to pronounce with good *Eli* (in as hard a caſe, as great a loſs as any we can complain of, the utter ruine of his family and Excifion from the Prieſthood, the loſs of two ſons and the Ark of God at once) *It is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth good unto him.*

3. There is yet a greater reaſon of thy Reſignation in this Caſe; in that God hath the propriety and right, the Soveraign Dominion of all, we only the ſhort uſe. If God recal but his own Gift, what Injury, what ſo great cauſe of complaint? May not God as well take the Child away from the Mother, to whom it was committed only to breed up in the fear of God, as the Mother takes it home from the Nurſe? 'Tis call'd to a better home; what Relation or Title ſoever thou canſt plead in the dear loſs, whether thy Husband, thy Child thy Father, Brother, or thy friend (which is as thy own ſoul) God

pleads a nearer claim, his Creature, his Image, his Member, the price of his redemption, &c. his by many Titles, his even before he was, and his when he shall not be.

3. Duty or Inquiry, How we are from the present sense of anothers death, to prepare for our own.

1. Prepare by a tender and watchful apprehension of all those Memento's and Remembrances of Mortality, wherewith God and Nature dayly alarm us, so that nothing is more frequently represented, howsoever nothing be less thought on than death, and we at last complain of a surprisal; Like to the Man in the old story, who had covenanted with death, that he should before his last stroak give some warning, with a Finger at least lift up, and yet after many funerals of his friends, and many parcel-funerals, and decayes of his own body and senses, being to dy, required some other Messengers and Forerunners of his end, and challenged Death for

for not knocking at the door before he entred, only becauſe he would not hear the knocks.

Amongſt the many Remembrances of death, the moſt ſenſible and ſharp admonitions towards this preparation, are ſounded to us by the Laſt groans of our expiring friends, as by the laſt Trump, that Grave which buries part of our Souls with their bodies, muſt needs call ſome of our thoughts that way. And how few are there amongſt us that have lived half the age of a man, that hath not out-lived half his Family or Acquaintance? That continued Felicity of the Grecian Prince, to paſs an whole age without the loſs of one Friend, was a glory or boaſt not to be ſeconded by many. Now the firſt Preparative for death, is the premeditation of it. Death, like the Baſilisk, loſing its ſting and force, being firſt ſeen and viewed by us.

So the Captain of fifty ſeeing the other Captains conſum'd by fire, fell upon his face, with I pray thee let my life be precious in thy ſight, 2 King. 1 13.

2 Prepare, not only by a wearineſs and contempt of life, and of the world, wherein you no longer find your Friend, but by

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a more comfortable Thought of going to him, and over-taking him. Prepare to follow. If this could ſo ſweeten *Socrates* laſt deadly draught, the Thought of paſſing to the ſociety of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, and the ancient Sages, How much more ſhould it make us gladly embrace death, that leads us to the ſociety of Angels, and takes us not away, but reſtores us to our Friends, and to the Spirits of Juſt men, made perfect by the Viſion of the moſt Holy One? Eſpecially if we conſider, that the Friends we go away to, are much more then thoſe we part from. We are gather'd to our Fathers.

3. Prepare, by caſting aſide all that makes Death bitter or terrible unto us. Now we fear death (ſaith the Monk, on *Climacus*) for one of theſe two Cauſes; either becauſe we love this preſent Life, or Diſtruſt a better. So *Reuben*, *Gad*, and *Manaſſe*, did chuſe their ſeat on this ſide *Jordan*, becauſe they ſaw the ground fit for paſture, *Num.* 32. 5. Some there are unwilling

ling to leave their Paſtures, and Cattel, for all the beaſts and houſes Divines or Aſtrologers talk of in heaven. Some, with St. *Peter*, confounded with the Glories, and bright Honours of the world, cry out in an Extaſie, *It is good to be here, let's here fix our Tabernacle*; but the Text tells us, He knew not what he ſaid, being dazled with the glorious light, *Luke* 9. 33. Others, that with the Apoſtles betray a fear of ſtorms, and the danger of death, though Chriſt be in the ſtorm with them, deſerve Chriſts check, *O ye of little faith, what are you afraid of?* So that our whole work of Preparation is reduc'd to theſe two points,

Contempt of this world,
Faith, hopes of a better:

that we ſtrive to leave the world, its noiſe, and vanities, before we depart out of it. Look on the earth, and all its Comforts, as paſſengers in ſwift ſtreams, ſtill fleeting and parting from us, or we from it; and as Sojourners or Pilgrims abſtain from fleſhly luſts, never fix our delight in a pleaſant

way, or Inn, which is ſuddenly to be quitted. And ſeeing no diſtance can hinder us, more than the baniſh'd Jews, from turning our faces towards the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, let us (that we may be able with the Martyrs of old, to refuſe Life, in hopes of a better Reſurrection) lay hold on Eternal life, before this life fail us; lay hold by a lively faith on the hands of our Saoviur ſtretch'd out to receive us, and lay that ſure foundation for the time to come, of Good Works, that beſt preparative to a good death, a good life.

Let us not reſt, till we have brought our Souls to that temper of the good Heathen, [*Summum, nec metuas diem, nec optes,*] neither to fear, nor deſire, over-paſſionately the day of our change, or rather to this Reſolution of St. *Paul*, *Phil.* 1. 21, 22, 23, 24. *If I live, I ſhall do well; if I dy, I ſhall do better. To me to live is Chriſt, To dy is Gain.*

And now that we may with *David* riſe from our ſorrow, and waſh our faces with tears of Joy, in the thought of this Virgin,

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who is not loſt, but gone before us to that place, whither we all ſtrive to follow: Let us reflect on that principal Comfort, the hopes of that life, however loſt on earth to us, yet recover'd in heaven being hid with Chriſt. While your Eyes overflow with tears, being fixed on the Corps, on the Mantle here dropt below, ſend your thoughts beyond your ſight, after the better part, aſcended above to the Heavens, as we have great cauſe to believe and hope, by the aſſurances of eternal life in this Virgin departed? And what greater aſſurance can there be? if (in the words of the Church) "we are to know for a "truth, and it is certain by Gods word, "that Children being baptized have all "things neceſſary for their ſalvation, and "are undoubtedly ſaved. How much more this child? who was bleſſed with a *Lois*, and an *Eunice*, that gave her a Bible for the firſt thing to play withal, and taught her firſt to liſp the language of *Canaan*, before ſhe could ſpeak her Mothers

Preface before the Catechiſm.

Tongue, who even with her milk ſuck'd in the ſincerer milk of the word. As they write of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, that at three years ſhe entred the Temple, offer'd her ſelf as a living Sacrifice at the Altar; warm'd her hands and her heart at the holy flame, and made Religion her paſtime before the vanities of the world, or the pleaſures of ſin could ſeduce her; ſo was this Virgin brought by her Parents to the Temple (as it were after her Saviours ſteps) to ask of the Doctors the way of life, even before ſhe could firmly walk in it. She learn'd Repentance ere ſhe knew what it was to Sin; She firſt began the life of Grace, ere ſhe attain'd the full life of Nature, and had her Senſes exerciſed in the knowledge of Good and Evil, before ſhe could diſtinguiſh the degree of bravery and Pride. She yielded her ſelf to be regulated by Religion, before ſhe could be abuſed by ſenſe or reaſon. Her firſt care was not her Dreſs, or Looks, but her *penſum quotidianum de flore Scripturarum*.

turarum (as St. *Hierom* directs, *Lætal. ll.* 2. Ep.) her dayly task out of the choiceſt Scripture, to ſanctifie her memory, as well as her Affections.

Inſtead of wanton Songs ſhe repeated the Pſalms (which was an ability required to make a Divine in the Primitive times) but was it not ſtrange in thoſe tender years? ſhe had not only ſtrength and force to hold *Davids* Harp, but to tune it: when others of her ſoft age would call for a Companion, ſhe cryed out, come Lord Jeſu, come quickly! and I pray thee help thy ſervant, whom thou haſt redeemed with thy moſt precious blood.

What can we imagin, but that ſhe (who breath'd her firſt air in Devotion, and her laſt in Prayers, who was ſealed to eternal life by Baptiſme, and kept in the aſſurance and bleſſed hope thereof by a pious education) had gained the Love of our Saviour, much ſooner than the young man, who had obſerved all that God commanded even from his youth, though not ſo perfect-

ly as he conceived. In ſumme, ſhe was brought up One of the Order of St. *Pauls* Virgins, who from her Infancy only cared for the things of the Lord.

And here, might it be ſafe to expoſtulate with the Almighty, I ſhould aske, Why theſe Graces that are not to be received in vain by us, are rather Offer'd than Given? Why ſo fair characters, that others might take copies from, thus immediately blotted out, and duſt thrown on them? Why doth God delight to crop ſuch fragrant flowers in the bud, ere they are fully blown?

Is it that the unwholſom Air, or rude Touch might not ſully them? Indeed ſo we read ſome haſtily ſnatched out of the world, as out of a Peſt-houſe, *Ne malitia corrumperet Intellectum*, before Malice or Vanity ſhould infect their minds. Some are taken away out of a ſpecial Love and Tenderneſs of God; becauſe there is ſome good Thing in them towards the Lord God: as *Jeroboams* ſon, 1 *Kings* 14.13. Is it

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to ſhew that we have here no abiding City? that this world is but our Tyring room, or ſtage, where ſome Mute perſons are brought in only for number or ſhew, meerly to paſs over the Stage, and ſo ſerve to grace it, even in the Paſſage, not unlike Angelical apparitions.

Or is it (as a devout penſive Writer obſerves) that God trains us, as we do our children, by giving them gay and precious things but demanding them immediately again, to try our Submiſſions, whether we could with *Abram*, yield up, ſacrifice a child at Gods call, and give thanks with *Job* to God, even when he reſumes his Gifts—(*The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; Bleſſed be the name of the Lord.*)

Let not this yet diſcourage Parents from making their Children fit for Heaven and the ſociety of Angels; But rather ſhame thoſe careleſs and indulgent Parents, (Parents indeed, as the Apoſtle terms them, after the fleſh, as who had no ſhare in the Soul) who being forward

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to ſurrender to God in Baptiſm, by a moſt holy Vow, the Children they received from him, are not yet afraid (with *Ananias* and *Saphira*) to withdraw that they had once devoted to the Lord: and neglect the teaching them to keep their Vow, as religiouſly at leaſt as formal Nuns would. Will they not allow that Diligence that ſenſeleſs Creatures uſe in trayning and practiſing their young ones? ſeeing we bring them forth as deformed and miſhapen in the ſight of God, as any ugly Lumps of fleſh the Bear is ſaid to whelp; Shall we deny them the labour of our Tongues, to inſtruct them, and to lick them into ſhape? Having betray'd them to a life of Sin and Miſery, Ought we not in conſcience, in Equity, procure them that other life of grace and glory? Let the Duty or the Shame, the Terror or the Comfort anſwerable to the Education of your Children, move you to expreſs your Affection in this pious Care of providing a richer ſtock of manners, then

then of Fortunes, and hopes of a more laſting Inheritance. *St. Hierom* obſerves from *Ezekiel* 18. 28. *The Son ſhall not bear the iniquity of the Father, nor the Father the iniquity of the Son.*—That this only frees and ſecures the Parents in theſe Children, that yet arrive not to the uſe of Reaſon, that live not on their own ſcore, that have no proper Motion of their own, but (as the Parents limbs) what the Parents derive to them: in theſe the Parents negligence, or ſinful Indulgence makes them (who are ſaid to live again in their Children) to periſh rather in their ſinful courſes, and to invert the threat of the Commandement, that the ſins of the 3 and 4 Generation ſhall be viſited and avenged on the Parents, who have propagated thoſe ſins, by their looſe neglect or example: On the other ſide the joy of thoſe ſhall be redoubled and multiplyed with their ſeed, who being not more ambitious to enlarge their Family than the Houſhold of the

Faithful, or to propagate their own name more than Gods, may with boldneſs preſent themſelves with their righteous ſeed, at the Throne of God; Behold us, and the Children that thou haſt given us. Theſe are they that may with more comfort loſe their Children at Gods Call, than others enjoy them amidſt other frail poſſeſſions, and uncertain contents of this life, ſeeing children ſo loſt, are not to be accounted loſt; Whence (the Father obſerves) *Job* having by his patience merited a double Reſtitution of all his other loſſes, had not his Children redoubled, for they are not taken away, they are only ſecured in the hands of God, and ſent as pledges before us, to be more happily recovered and enjoyed for ever, when ſome ſhall be gathered to their Fathers, and others more gloriouſly gather'd to their Children, whom they are to follow, firſt in their Innocence, then

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in their Inheritance and Happineſs; That Kingdom of Heaven which none ſhall enter that are not like unto thoſe little Children. To both which God fit us, and then haſten his Kingdom! Even ſo, ſweet Jeſu, come quickly. *Amen.*

FINIS.

To the Memory of my Noble Couſin,
Mrs. Suſanna Gray, *who died of a Feaver, upon Sunday the* 29. *of* October, 1654.

Tell me ye Glorious ſhades, where I may trace
Your Gliding Footſteps, in what ſilent Place
Your Separated Eſſences abide,
Which Fates from prying Eyes ſo ſtrictly hide:
Deep as the Center ſunk my Wandring mind,
Seeking Impoſſibilities to find;
Straight hoiſed ſails, fearleſs of Wind or Wave,
Nor Halfpeny to ſurly *Charon* gave,
I ſearch'd thoſe Caverns round, and travail'd o'r,
More then *Greek* Poets fabled heretofore.
By ſeven ſteps here deſcending, firſt I ſpy
The Horrid Manſion of Neceſſity;
And view that Ever-reſtleſs Central Fire,
Always in Chains, yet ſtruggling to aſpire,
That ſhuns Approaches with Majeſtique Hate,
And keeps Eternal Solitude in State.

From hence into the *Elyſian* Fields I flye,
With unſeen Wonders to acquaint mine Eye.
Eternal Spring was here, freſh blooming Youth,
Sweet Flowry Joy, with never-dying Truth,
Soft-gliding ſtreams which *Zephyrus* ſtill fanns,
In which ſwam multitudes of ſilver Swans;
Thickets of Bays and Myrtle, ſhady Bowers,
Sweet Walks enamelled with thouſand Flowers,
Wherein the Nightingales lodg'd, Conſtant Gueſts,
Whiſp'ring ſoft Murmurs from their warbling Breſts.
The Voice of Winds was here Ununderſtood,
Or Froſts to blaſt the Bloſſom or the Bud.
Rare Proſpects, which Continually Invite
The Raviſh'd Senſes to a freſh Delight!
Sundry Apartments, variouſly dreſt,
Diſtinguiſh'd the Retirements of the Bleſt:
In ſome were Votaries, whoſe wing'd Deſires
Had been Inflamed with Religious Fires,
And with ſequeſtred Minds, clear purg'd from Vice,
Had offered up themſelves pure Sacrifice.
In others Lovers were, thoſe few that knew
The Myſterie of Love and Loving true.
Who now with Chaplets crown'd, and Glorious Names,
Burn with ſerene and unmoleſted Flames.
Others there were, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Who by their Learned Works their Fame had rais'd.
Others, who by Inventions ne'r before
Diſcover'd, had enrich'd the Publique ſtore.
Laſt came thoſe Antient Sages, Natures Prieſts,
Who had unravell'd her through all her Miſts,
And with Laborious ſearch and thoughts Profound,
Had digg'd out Truths long buried under Ground.

Here

Here was the *Samian*, and that knowing *Greek*
Whom Nature prompted Martyrdom to ſeek.
High-ſoaring *Plato*, *Mercury* the Great,
Iamblichus, Men of Divine Conceit,
Yea there were ſome, whoſe Works, now out of ſight,
Appear'd e'r *Zoroaſters* ſaw the Light.
Of theſe I asked much, and learned more
Myſterious ſecrets, than I knew before.
Here I was taught the ſeries of Fate,
With all its ſecret Laws, and at what Rate
They are diſpenſed, by what Force of Love
Inferiors married are to things above.
I ſaw that every thing Included all,
As leſſer Tablets largly drawn in ſmall.
How many Various Motions did agree,
To make one Syſteme of Fair Harmony,
Yet all theſe Motions crooked and tranſverſe,
Met in the Center of one Univerſe.
The Souls Original I learnt, and why
For this poor Manſion it exchang'd a Sky,
By what Allurements its moſt Glorious Ray
Came thus betray'd into a houſe of Clay,
Its ſeveral Degrees of Riſe and Fall,
Aſcents, Deſcents, here I was taught them all.
Such as had mindful been from whence they came,
And had Improv'd their Spark into a Flame,
Were after their Departure here Careſt,
Burying their Labours in Eternal reſt.
Others who had been drown'd in ſenſual Mire,
Were purged here with Subterranean Fire.
Some by vaſt Cataracts, and ſome by winds,
Were cleans'd from the Diſeaſes of their Minds;

But thoſe who had preſerv'd ſome ſeeds of Light,
Though much Eclips'd, yet not extinguiſh'd quite,
To ſeveral Stations of the world aſſign'd,
Wandred about ſtill ſeeking Reſt to find,
Some hover'd in the Air, ſome in the Wind,
And ſome to Woods and Waters were Confin'd,
Always in Motion, reſtleſs, ſtill in Queſt
Of their long-wiſh'd-for, and deſired Reſt.
Some *Genii* became, or Houſhold Lar's,
To Families and Perſons Tutelars.
But ſuch as too much doated on this Life,
Faſt Glew'd to Intereſts and this Scene of Strife,
Or unawares out of this world were thruſt,
By ſudden Violence, or Ways unjuſt,
Deceas'd, their old Affections ſtill retain,
And long to be Imbodied once again;
Some times their Aſtral Images do hover
About their Dormitories, to diſcover
Murthers, or over Treaſures Brooding ſit,
Miniſtring Problems to Diſcurſive wits.
But thoſe Diviner Souls who by the Rays
Of Heavenly Light to Heaven their thoughts do raiſe,
And with the wings of Faith 'bove Nature ſoar,
And never flagg till they have gain'd the ſhore,
Freed from this Vale of Miſery and Tears,
Are each diſtributed in ſeveral Sphears;
But light of Nature never hither led,
For Streams riſe never higher than their Head.
When I theſe Myſteries had learned plain,
I reaſcended to the Earth again.
And now Inſtructed I began a Queſt,
To find-out one fair Wand'rer 'mongſt the reſt,

Who

Who, by the Fury of a Feaver born,
Alas was from her Friends untimely torn.
The Diſſolution of the Parts by Fire,
Suggeſted ſtraight that ſhe muſt needs aſpire.
The Day too ſacred to the Suns bright Ray,
Like th' *Heliotrope* ſeem'd to point that way.
No Wat'ry Dropſy ever durſt aſſay
To waſh thy Purer Eſſences away,
Nor Drowſie Lethargie durſt e'r preſume
To choak thy Spirits with its Earthie Fume;
Yet as thoſe ſearch, that look for things with Care,
As well, where they are not, as where they are:
So, leaſt I raſhly ſhould in Error fall,
I took all places in, and ſearched all.
No Spirits unask'd I left, not thoſe, that dwell
In Mineral Caverns, or the darkeſt Cell,
The Woods, the Hills, the Waters, and the Lawns,
Th' Andogades, the Satyrs and the Fawns,
The Dryad's, Oread's, Hamadryades,
Nereids, and Water-Nymphs, I ask'd all theſe,
I ranſack'd every herb, and every flower
That pays allegeance to *Flora*'s power,
I ſearch'd the Hollow Ecchoes Airy-Cell,
But ſhe of this Dear Loſs could nothing tell.
I ask'd the Winds, which from each Quarter flow,
But they reply'd in ſighs, and anſwered no;
No Region of the Air ſo thick Beſtrew'd
With various Meteors, that I left unview'd.
With Troops of Spirits was the way beſet,
Which wandring up and down I often met:
Yea to be ſatisfied in this deſire,
I ſearch'd the feigned Element of Fire,

Perhaps if the *Pyrauſta* I could ſee,
I ſhould not then deſpair of finding thee.
When I the Elements had Circled round,
And yet with all Inquiries nothing found,
Deſpairing of ſucceſs, I thought to quit
A task ſo diſproportioned to my wit.
How can my drooping Fancy ſoar ſo high,
Or with this Load of Earth aſcend the sky?
Raſh *Icarus* that needs to high would fly,
For his Preſumption was adjudg'd to die.
But ſometimes difficulties thoughts excite,
And add freſh Wings unto the Appetite,
Obſtructions prove Incentives to Deſires,
And rather kindle than extinguiſh Fires,
So now much more inflamed with deſire,
Seeing I had gone thus farr, I'de venture higher.
So upwards travelling, I left the Miſts
Of theſe dark Elements, (Corruptions Liſts;)
And here I proved *Ariſtotle* true,
The higher place is the Diviner too;
For now got paſt the Earths Magnetique Sphear,
The Difficulty vaniſh'd with the Fear.
Methoughts I lighter and more Airy Grew,
Still Entertain'd with Objects freſh and new,
My thoughts were more refin'd and fill'd with joy,
Now they were freed from this dull Earths accloy.
But like as Travellers, when they come aſhore
Into ſtrange Countries they ne'r ſaw before,
Amazed ſtand to hear a Speech Unknown,
People and Cuſtoms different from their own:
So now approaching neer a Brighter Sphear,
I was ſurpris'd with Wonder and with Fear.

My

My Eies grew dazled with ſtrange Rayes of Light,
And an Unuſual ſplendor dimm'd my ſight.
For now a Region did it ſelf diſplay,
Of whitiſh Luſtre, like the Milky Way,
But that the Galaxy look'd not ſo clear,
And yet this had ſome ſpots, which did appear.
This Radiant place, much leſſer than our Sphear
Seemed, though farr more Glorious every where:
For as all things are in Groſs matter here,
There in Idea's and pure Forms they were.
Here the rough outſide rudely woes the Sence,
There nothing but the Air and Quinteſſence.
This Place *Selenia*, on which the Sun ſtill ſmil'd,
Was Call'd, the People *Selenitæ* ſtil'd;
With Eſſences the Air was all perfum'd,
Which ne'r Evaporated nor Conſum'd;
Roſes and Jeſſimin, the Violet,
With Orenges all here Conſpiring met.
But that which moſt Amaz'd me was to ſee
The various and ſtrange Diſparity
Of theſe bright People, though in Glorious Dreſs,
Yet all of them were ſpotted more or leſs:
And which did chiefly Admiration win,
To ſee theſe Spots both outward and within,
Some on their Faces were, ſome on their Breſt,
Some on their Hearts and Livers were Impreſt,
And ſome on other Parts, which I forbear
To mention, leſt I wound the modeſt Ear.
Some of theſe Spots were freſh, ſome half out-worn,
For wounds at length to Cicatrices turn.
Theſe are the Spots which we diſcern below,
Through the Moons Body, which ſo great doth grow

Sometimes, and ſo Condens'd, they darkned all
That Region, which we here an Eclipſe call.
The Parts unſpotted all tranſparent were,
The Inward Motions Viſible and Clear.
O were *Vitruvius* here to have admir'd,
And ſeen thoſe windows he ſo much deſir'd,
So Chryſtalline and radiant in Exceſs,
They ſhone through all the ſhadows of their dreſs!
Inquiſitive to know this wondrous ſtory,
I learn'd this Place was but a Purgatory,
Where ſuch as in this Life Uncleans'd remain'd,
The Spots with which theſe *Selenites* were ſtain'd,
Here after Death tranſmitted were Refin'd,
And by Degrees gain'd an unſpotted Mind,
And ſo to other higher Sphears aſcend,
Till fixed in the Sun their Motion end;
But never in this Sphear, for here in vain
They ſtrived ſuch Perfection to attain:
For ſo inconſtantly they here were plac'd,
That often Spots reviv'd which were defac'd,
Yea ſometimes with Corruption did ſo ſwell,
That down again into the Earth they fell.
Informed thus I left *Selenia*,
But firſt an Herb I gathered by the way
For an Opthalmique, to preſerve my ſight,
Now I approached a more Radiant Light;
This only on thoſe Lunar Mountains grows,
The Fam'd *Lunaria*, which ſcarce any knows.
And now aſcending I deſcry'd a Place
Much brighter than the firſt, but leſs in ſpace;
The Air Perfum'd was with a Richer ſent,
'Twas hard to ſay the People fled, or went;

Of

Of ſo Volatile, ſuch an Airy ſtrain,
I fear'd I never ſhould diſcern them plain ;
As Squirrels nimbly skip from tree to tree,
Their very motion ſeem'd ubiquity.
Yet with much looking at the laſt I ſpi'd,
Theſe had ſome ſpots, though not ſo deeply di'd.
Hermetia, ſo the people call'd this place,
Swifter then *Atalanta* at a race ;
Yet that which moſt my ſight to non-plus put,
Were certain Statues ſo exactly cut,
In lucid Amber, with ſuch curious art,
'Twas eaſie to diſcern each inward part :
The skilful'ſt Artiſts here, might quit their Tools,
Proclaiming Statuaries unknowing fools,
Some were with Pearl, and ſome with Gold inlay'd,
And ſome with Precious Stones, which brightly ray'd.
Some of theſe Statues, as they ſtood a row,
I knew fair Tyranneſſes here below.
But amongſt all, one higher than the reſt
Bred a confuſed wonder in my breſt,
Had ſhe not been ſo tall, I ſhould have ſwore,
This was the ſame, whoſe loſs I here deplore;
Three Radiant Coronets on her head ſhe wore,
And look't more freſh and youthful than before :
It hardly will be credited for truth,
To ſee ſuch Stature in the years of youth ;
From this fair Statue, did this motto riſe,
Fair, Youthful, Virgin, Innocent and Wiſe.
As I ſtood gazing here with wondring eyes,
One ſmil'd and ask'd, what was't that did ſurprize
In that Effigies ? which no ſooner told,
But that he ſmil'd much more, and ask'd how old

I gueſs'd the Soul to be, or if before
I e'r had *Proclus* ſeen, or turned o'r,
Who certainly would have inform'd me better,
Than in ſuch narrow Chains the Soul to fetter,
As if its Eſſence did at all depend
Upon the Wheels of Time, which once muſt End.
They are Material Subſtances below,
Which from Imperfect to Perfection grow:
This Ever perfect, freed once from Earths Weight,
Doth preſently aſſume its perfect Height.
Much pleas'd with this Adventure, who theſe were
I ask'd whoſe Staues I ſaw placed here.
He anſwered, Theſe do repreſent the Bleſt,
Which now in *Heliolampra* fixed reſt;
But that fair Statue, with ſo many Crowns,
Whoſe Eyes dart Rayes, and every Ray darts wounds,
That triple Diadem which you ſee her wear,
As Virgin, Martyr, Doctoreſs doth bear:
Had ſhe not been a Virgin Chaſt and pure,
She in *Selenia* had tarried ſure.
Who calls her leſs than Martyr wrong her Names,
Seeing ſhe did Expire amidſt the Flames,
And though ſhe were but young, maintain I dare,
Her Innocence knew more than doth the Chair.
Well ſatisfi'd with this Diſcovery here,
I paſſed onwards to another Sphear.
Scarce had I touch'd the Confines with mine Eyes,
But a ſtrange Joy within me did ariſe,
My thoughts grew flowry all, and all ſerene,
So quickly was I altered with the Scene,
Such were my Thoughts, e'r I acquainted grew
With this falſe world, or its Deluſions knew.

If it be true, to know our Genial Air
We ſhould obſerve where we beſt placed are,
Our Spirits moſt Airy, Clear, and Livelieſt,
Where our Affairs ſucceed and proſper beſt,
From all theſe Obſervations I ſhould ſwear,
I never knew it before that I came here.
So Aromatique ſmelt the fragrant Air,
And the whole Place ſo beautiful and fair,
That all I look'd on with admiring eyes
Before, now ſuddenly I did deſpiſe,
So much the other were exceeded here,
As they exceeded our Groſs Earthly Sphear:
So that, as *Sappho* ſweetly ſtiles the Roſe,
The Darling Flower, that coſts the Spring more throws
In its Production, being Natures Pride,
Than all the Flowers of the Field beſide,
So Charming and alluring was this Place,
By Heavens peculiar Influence and Grace,
As if t' enrich this one, and make it bleſt,
Nature had quite impoveriſh'd all the Reſt.
This Beauteous Place they *Aphrodiſia* call;
Where *Venus*, as Queen Regent, ruleth all;
With ſweeteſt Flowers were all the ways beſet,
Which, as by Chance, in perfect order met,
From whoſe Coincidence there did ariſe
A ſweet Reflection raviſhing the eyes.
The Flowers were ſet upon a Carpet Green,
Never in Emerald was like Verdure ſeen,
And all a-row were placed trees along,
Which with ſweet Bloſſoms and with Fruits were hung,
Amidſt whoſe ſhady Branches one might hear
The Birds of Paradiſe ſing ſweet and clear:

Which

Which the ſhril Echo counterfeiting well
Carries to thoſe which at far diſtance dwell.
Cloſe at the feet of theſe ran purling ſtreams,
Whoſe murmurs lul'd the thoughts in pleaſing dreams;
And on the banks were Arborets and Bowers
Cloſe interwoven, and thick ſtrew'd with flowers,
In whoſe cool ſhades the People of the Clime,
In various pleaſures paſs'd away the time:
Some ſung, whilſt others plaid upon the Lute,
Or danc'd, for nothing here was coy or mute,
But freſh divertiſements did ſtill invent
Injoying free and undiſturb'd content:
For all were Lovers here, but with ſuch flames,
As ſcarce are underſtood, but have no names:
If Earthly Lovers ſometimes raptures feel
Mixt with their diſcontents, as Fortunes Wheel
Runs high or low, that take it altogether,
Love's ſtorms more calm than others faireſt weather.
What extaſies ſhall we imagine here,
Where flames are all Seraphically clear?
Yea loe! to Love this Climate all did move,
That none came hither but ſtreight fell in love:
Yea though they ne'r this paſſion knew before,
Straight charm'd, they felt it as they touch'd this ſhore.
Such is the Heavens pleaſure and Decree,
That none unleſs they love can happy be:
This Region leſs than ours, but of a Sphear
Larger than *Mercury* or *Luna* were,
And differs from the Sun, but in degree
Of Coction, elſe in ſubſtance both agree.
Roſes and Violets thus, as Chymiſts tell,
Differ in colour only and in ſmell.

Did not one ſpot their other beauties ſtain,
They need not hence remove, but here remain;
Which is the cauſe, unleſs I read amiſs,
That *Venus* with a Mole ſtill pictur'd is;
But where this ſpot is plac'd I muſt not tell,
The laws of Silence I have learn'd too well;
Yet greater privileges to theſe extend
Than to the reſt; once here, they ne'r deſcend.
'Mongſt many other rarities here I ſaw,
Such pictures as *Apelles* ne'r could draw;
Theſe Pourtraictures did repreſent the Mine,
Of thoſe whoſe Statues I before had ſeen:
Here the fair ſhadow with three Crowns was too,
Which I ſo earneſtly had long'd to view.
Deſervedly this Art of limning here
Takes place of ſtatues in the other Sphear,
Seeing ſo ingeniouſly it can ſupply
Matter by ſhadows, and delude the eye;
Yea more, the fartheſt diſtance, depth, and height,
Which a few ſhadows ſo well counterfeit;
And which the others skill cannot reach near,
Make Morning Evening, Twilight Night appear:
The ſubt'leſt paſſions too ſo well expreſs,
That almoſt ſpeech it ſelf you'd here confeſs;
So that 'tis well confeſs'd 'twixt one another,
That each ſhews beſt when it comes near'ſt the other.
Here I receiv'd more full intelligence
Then e're I did ſince I firſt parted hence;
For here I learn'd, this fair one, for ſome ſpace
Had made a ſtay in this delicious place;
Nothing (quoth he) which from below hath birth
But needs muſt draw Contagion from the Earth.

Which till it Clear be purged and refin'd,
Cloggs the Aſcent of the Aſpiring mind.
This Picture, whilſt ſhe ſtaid, was taken here,
And hence tranſmitted to the other Sphear,
By which the Amber Statue you there ſaw,
Was wrought by skilful Arts unerring Law:
Yet long ſhe ſtaid not here, but quit her droſs,
And left us ſadly to bewail her loſs.
Therefore return again, if you be wiſe,
The Subſtance will go near to blind your Eyes:
Yet if you needs will venture in this Light,
Take this *Collyrium* to preſerve your ſight.
With that an Ointment rare to me he gave,
My ſight to quicken, and from blindneſs ſave;
With many thanks, and not without ſome tears
I left this Place, which Beauty ſo Indears,
Had I not been ingaged in the Queſt,
Here I had fixed and ſet up my Reſt;
And now thus Fortified, I upwards ſoar,
To ſee this brighteſt Place I longed ſore.
No ſooner I approach'd its Lucid Sphere,
But a ſtrange Harmony ſurpriz'd mine Ear,
This was the farr-fam'd Muſick of the Sphears,
Which men talk of ſo much, but no one hears.
And now a Flaming Region I could ſee,
More Glorious than can imagin'd be,
Which as I nearer drew, aſcending higher,
Look'd like an univerſal World of Fire,
Brighter than any Carbuncle it ſhone,
And Gliſtred above Gold or Richeſt Stone,
An hundred ſixty times it did appear
And ſix, more large than our Terreſtrial Sphear.

This World of Light they *Heliolampra* nam'd,
So universally Renown'd and Fam'd,
The fixed Habitation of the Blest,
Where, cleans'd from all Impurities, they Rest,
And with incessant Praises laud the Name
Of the Creator of this Glorious Frame;
But that which most Miraculous was here,
The Inhabitants seem'd Brighter than the Sphear,
So Lucid and Diaphanous they shone,
Their inward Motions might be seen and known.
Each Spirit, Nerve, Vein, Tendon, Muscle here,
Did to the Eye clear and distinct appear.
The Systol' and Diastol' of the Heart,
The site and situation of each Part,
How from the Brain the Animal Spirits were,
Through Nerves transmitted small as any hair
To every part, and which you'd wondrous call,
To see the Soul lighten at once through all,
'Twas so incredible a Glorious sight,
All other Lustres vanish'd in this Light;
Each part transparent was, and to be seen,
And yet amongst them all I saw no spleen,
For seeing no use of it there was, in vain
It had remained to the rest a stain.
Some measur'd out the Minutes, some the Hours,
Days, Weeks and Years, which Time so swift devours;
Others the Rain Compute, or weigh the Wind,
Which to the several Climates were assign'd,
Hail, Frost and Snow, which winter in our Sphear,
No Meteor but had its Standard here,
Better imploy'd than *Jove*, as *Lucian* lies,
That spent his time in painting Butterflies.

But amongſt all none ſeem'd ſo bright to me,
As this fair Virgin which I came to ſee.
Never were ſeen ſuch lively ſparkling eyes,
Or looks ſo freſh, they out-ſhone all the skys,
Lightning through all the Parts of this bright ſphear,
And dazling all beholders that came near.
Had not the Antidote preſerv'd my ſight,
I had been ſwallowed by this Glorious Light:
My thoughts with extaſies and raptures flam'd,
Seraphick joys which cannot here be nam'd.
Scarce recollected, whenas I aſſaid
To ſpeak, ſhe only bow'd but nothing ſaid;
'Tis a decree which Fate can ne'r reverſe,
Their purities cannot with us converſe.
Whil'ſt thus mine eyes did on the object dwell,
An inward violence did me impel
To quit this place, nothing may here indure,
Unleſs it be immaculate and pure.
With much unwillingneſs forc'd to retire,
I often looking back, did ſtill admire;
And as my parting looks upon hers fell,
She ſmiling, bow'd her head, and ſaid, Farewel.
So ſadly leaving this Illuſtrious Place,
I ſoon deſcended with an eaſie pace;
'Tis hard to climb, but eaſie to deſcend,
All bodies to their Center ſwiftly tend.
Fain in the next place, would I made ſome ſtay,
But cruel deſtiny forc'd me away;
Only the Pictures as I paſſed by,
And Statues, I ſaluted with mine eye;
And ſo deſcending I was gotten ſoon
To the laſt confines of the wandring Moon.

Upon this precipice I made ſome ſtay,
The golden chain of *Plato* to ſurvay,
Whoſe up'moſt link was placed in this Sphear,
By which effects to cauſes coupled are:
So ſerpentine, and with *Maanders* twin'd,
It ſeem'd impoſſible the end to find:
This from the Moon reach'd down unto the Earth,
Lending an influence to every birth:
As I ſtood muſing here, methoughts our Sphear
Did an umbragious gloomy lump appear.
Have you not ſometimes ſtood upon a hill
Which yet a ſhowre hath not o'rta'n, but will,
And thence into the Valley looking down,
With much adoe deſcri'd ſome little Town,
So clouded o'r with blackneſs, ſmoke, and rain,
As if it never would look clear again?
Juſt ſuch a clouded ſpot the Earth appear'd,
That hence to look on it I almoſt fear'd.
Here with like thoughts I every thing did ſcan,
As ſometimes *Charon* did in *Lucian*.
The People look'd like bees, their Cities Hives,
Where every one maligneth him that thrives:
Swarming they went in crouds that almoſt ſmother,
Each bare a ſting wherewith to prick another;
Inquiſitive of news, or to get pelf,
But ne'r an one that look'd into himſelf;
Yea all this while their Fate hangs by an hair,
And *Atropos* ſtands by with fatal ſhear:
For ſince my Eyes were now anointed, I
Grown clearer ſighted could each Atome ſpie:
And now come nearer to my eyes, the face
Of things look'd diſcontented like the place.

My joyes grew quickly damp'd, and in their ſtead
Succeeded grief that always hangs the Head;
As in the Jaundies look things ne'r ſo clear,
Yet to the Sick all yellow they appear:
So now with ſadneſs tainted, to my eye
All things as melancholy look as I;
Each thing below ſeem'd to bewail a loſs,
And to lie under ſome malignant croſs.
My Thoughts were ſo intenerate with grief,
They ſeem'd beyond Deaths cure, or Times relief:
Methoughts the winds did only ſigh, not blow,
And from the Fountains tears, not waters flow,
The Ecchoes to retired Deſerts fled,
And every flower weeping hung its head,
The Trees all blaſted, bare and withered mourn,
As if with lightning they had late been torn:
The Rivers wept themſelves to little Brooks,
And every thing had ſad and diſmal looks;
Sorrows the only Mine, which all ingroſs,
Beauty is ſuch an univerſal loſs:
All others loſſes beg and borrow tears;
But here they flow ſpontaneous Voluntiers:
If thoſe that want due rites of ſepulture
Wander about, as ſome affirm; then ſure,
We may conclude ſhe fixed, ſince my Hearſe
Hath Obſequies paid by the Univerſe.
The Aſtral Mother weeps, though ſhe diſpenſe
Nothing but vital motion and ſenſe;
Each thing doth on thy Altar Incenſe burn
And ſacrifice their tears unto thy Urn,
Which ſure muſt loſe their ſweets through ſorrows fault,
They cannot taſte like joys, but muſt turn ſalt.

Alas!

Alas! how immaturely didſt thou fall,
Fair victim, by rude Deaths untimely call:
How ſoon did thy fair edifice decay,
Betraying thee to ruines and to clay?
How in thy blooming bloſſom and thy flower
Cam'ſt thou thus blaſted by deaths fatal power?
Freſh as the Morning in her youthful dreſs,
Airy, and full of ſprightly livelineſs;
Sager than Age in theſe thy tender years,
True and unfeigned as thy Mothers Tears.
So the worlds beauteous eye, the Sun, diſplaies
To the benighted Earth his glorious rays;
Straight overſhadowed with an envious cloud,
Buries abortive luſtre in a ſhroud.
So freſh *Aurora* ſtarting from the skies,
Flames but a while, and then in bluſhes dies.
So the fair hopes of the ſweet Bud are loſt,
In the unkind embraces of a froſt.
To thee the Image of the world look'd ſowr,
Like to *Diana*'s plac'd on *Chios* Tower,
Which at the entrance ſeem'd ſad and diſeas'd,
But to departing Paſſengers well pleas'd:
I wonder what amazement thee poſſeſt,
When firſt deſcending from thy Throne of reſt,
Thy ſoul to this dark gloomy Region came,
And ſaw the whole compoſure out of frame;
A meer ſtage of confuſion and noiſe,
Vain as the idle cries of hooting Boys,
To thy pure eſſence ſure the light of theſe
Groſs Elements muſt needs breed ſome diſeaſe.
But ſtay, do I remember all this while,
Where I laſt left thee, when I ſaw thee ſmile,

And

And yet indulge ſuch poor deſpairing feares,
Or ſuffer theſe affronts done thee by tears?
Theſe do but diſcompoſe thee in thy urn,
And thy cold Aſhes into Embers turn.
Yet all our griefs have nothing but deſign,
We only our own loſſes weep, not thine;
'Twas not thy Funeral, nor art thou deceaſt,
'Twas only thy Canonization Feaſt:
Thou need'ſt no Cypreſs, wreaths, nor flowry Crowns,
Got out of Reach of Fate, and Fortunes frowns;
Triumphant Lawrel better fits thy brows,
Or Palms Victorious, than theſe diſmal boughs.
Sleep unmoleſted then, Fair Virgin, ſleep,
Whil'ſt Angels watch over thy aſhes keep;
More vigilant than the never ſilent guard,
That in the Capitol kept conſtant ward,
Or Virgins that watch'd o'r the Veſtal Fire,
Which their Religion durſt not ſee expire.
Yet as the Romans called thrice aloud,
Ere they the dead committed to their ſhroud;
So e'r I take my laſt leave of thy Cell,
I'le bid thy Reliques ſolemnly Farewel.
Farewel, thou growing Glory of thy Name,
Farewel, young Martyr, Victreſs o'r the Flame;
Farewel, Fair Saint, Sweet Innocence, good night,
My Pen's unhallowed, and my Fancy light.

ROGER WOLVYCHE,

Ex. In. Tem. Ar.

AN ELEGIE,

Upon the Death of

Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY:

Who dyed of a Feaver.

OXFORD.

FArewel young Beauty, whoſe invaded morn,
And infant light, ſmother'd as ſoon as born;
Rewards our ſins, as th' earth our Fathers did,
When in its non-age under waters hid.
By thee our old conjectures are new fram'd,
The World muſt have a Feaver, and be flam'd.
Was't that thy aſpect did portend a fate,
To captive hearts, and murther a whole ſtate?
That Heaven foreſaw 'twas time for thee to dye,
Who elſe would'd fire a Kingdom with thy eye?
And ſo the Gods haſtning the Tyrants fall,
Have ſav'd a Nation by thy Funeral.

I rather think that ſome intelligence
Long'd for thy Company, and took thee hence,
Since not the common way thou didſt expire,
But wer't tranſlated in a Coach of Fire;
I do believe the Fates have had aſpight
From thy firſt birth to hinder our delight,
But baſe Beſiedgers, when they ſaw the Town
Stood all their batteries, they burnt it down;
And ſo thy death, like ſuddain fire at feaſts,
When all forſake their meat, neglect their gueſts;
Hath brought diſorder to thy Parents breſt,
The face of the whole houſe ſad and diſtreſs'd.
Such was the anguiſh, grief, and ſuch the fright,
Of the poor *Trojans* in that diſmal night,
When after ten years ſafety, and full joy,
Old *Priam* ſaw the flames go round his Troy.

THOMAS IRELAND.
Ch. Ch. Ox.

Vpon

Upon the Deceaſe
OF
Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY:
Who dyed of a Feaver.

OXFORD.

BEauty, that canſt all evils elſe appeaſe,
Where are thy Charmes, now loſt in a diſeaſe?
She that was born to kindle mens deſires,
Self-Martyr now, is burnt in her own fires;
And in her Blooming bud cropt off, here lyes,
For to be Deaths, as ſhe was Nature's Prize.
Stript now of body, ſhe doth clearer ſhine,
And needs no Poets help to ſeem Divine,
Thus may we think that ſhe the Feaver bore,
As Gold does flames, only to cleanſe its Oare.
Though Beauty's loſt, ſweetneſs ſhe keeps in Death,
Like to a Perfume ſending forth her Breath.
So Roſes cloſely pent up in a ſtill,
Do looſe their colours, which the heat doth kill;
Yet from that fire fragant odours riſe,
Who dying make a ſweeter Sacrifice.

HENRY BAGSHAW.
Ch. Ch. Ox.

On the Death of

Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY:

Who dyed of a Feaver.

OXFORD.

WE'l ſpare the Poets, *Hymens* that reherſe,
Here is more matter for their joys, than verſe;
If they can weep, here Vertues Ruins lye,
And Beauties, whoſe perfection makes it dye:
Thus ſweeteſt Flowers quickeſt winter have,
Increaſe their worth, by haſt'ning to their grave.
Moſt happy Martyr, whoſe heart death thought beſt
To burn, thus tyed and ſtaked to thy breſt;
Each part conſumes it ſelf, the head, the heart,
Which mourn and waſt to ſee they now muſt part:
As when pure Roſes in th' Alembick's womb
Breath out their ſwettneſs, dropping on their Tomb,
They ſeem to weep for their loſt fragrancie,
And every tear hangs quiv'ring leaſt it dye;
So perhaps Nature, as our Chymiſts muſt,
Ventur'd to make ſweet powder of thy duſt.

R. READING.

IN

IN MEMORY

Of the truly Vertuous,

Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY:

OXFORD.

AWay vain thoughts, go and give place to ſorrow,
Mirth here adulterates, away, or borrow
From phancies wardrobe ſome ſuch gaſtly ſhroud,
As may out-fright a Ghoſt and put your crowd
Of num'rous ſpecies to a quiv'ring dread,
To ſee the Image of Virgin dead.
Away! be gone! retire unto his brain,
That can ſuch merry phancies entertain
Will make *Heraclitus* to laugh. Hark, yon Toul
Conjures your abſence! Ah! its ſtrikes my ſoul,
Who goes it for? Is't for ſome Churl, whoſe Gold
Firſt made him ſweat, then ſuddenly look cold?
Is't for ſome Upſtart Citizen? Who thriven
By Biſhops Lands, now ſteals away to Heaven?
Or for his Wife, who jealous of the Lout,
Hath left this World to be her Husbands Scout?
Is't for ſome o'refed Boor whoſe greaſie Lard,
Hath turn'd the Grave-worm ſtomacks: they debar'd

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Thus of their Cates muſt feed upon his skull,
Of Brains more empty, than his Guts were full
Of Garbidge, and perforce endure the cheat,
To be with fat ſtarv'd, which they cannot eat:
Perchance ſome old Exciſe man trucks with death,
For a new Impoſt to be put on breath:
What means yon Diapaſon ſighs? Whoſe ſtrain,
Jarre on each Heart-ſtring to expreſs the pain,
The Walls do Eccho it, rebounding groans,
Become ſo fruitful, they beget on ſtones.
What means our Muſes thus in tears to glide
So faſt, as if their forward haſt did chide
My ſlow pac'd Verſe? Whil'ſt witty grief in th' Eye
Makes Water-works in moſt varietie.
Why now do tears to ſilent Muſick virge,
And ſerve as reſts in ſinging of the Dirge?
Is there ſome Friend deceas'd? that Marble ground
Weeps forth its melted ſorrows, and is found
Like earth ſo tender, when 'tis wounded deep,
'Twill looſe forth ſprings, dull earth it ſelf will weep.
What means that ſad Compoſure, *Pans* Oat reed
Baniſht the conſort? and his ſpotted weed
Chang'd into Sables, Muſes in their ſhrouds,
As if they, *Ixion*-like, ſtood wrapt in clouds?
Ah! ask not what! leſt that enquiring breath,
Chill'd with the fame of this Fair Virgins death,
Retire into thy brain, and ſtead of verſe
Make thee a ſeaſon to adorn her hearſe.
Stay, thou may'ſt ask! for ſure 'tis ſeldom ſeen
For one that's GRAY to dye ſo young and gree.
Ah! is ſhe dead? Lets not our ſighs then ſpare,
But let our lab'ring Tongues acquaint the Ayr

With

With this ſad loſs; which makes our tears to flow,
That waters alſo might our damage know.
Which ſadly bringing to our Muſes ear,
Makes *Pan* forſake his Pipes: our Muſe appear
In mournful black bewayles this ſad delay,
Where Virtue in a ſhip-wrack's waſh'd away.

Urna tenet cineres, animam Deus, inclyta fama
Conſervat nomen; Quid periiſſe putas?

Sic lugubris cecinit

EDWARD THURMAN.

In memory of
Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY,
Who died of a Feaver.

OXFORD.

READ here a Virgin, noble, fair,
Greatneſs, goodneſs, beauties heir:
She carried joyntly in her face,
Minerva, *Venus*, *Junoes* grace;
Pigmalions picture was a toy
To her, *Narciſſus* but a Boy;
For to the Sun, and *Venus* dear,
She was both frankincenſe and myrrhe:
Thus flowers in the field we ſpie,
To bud, and blow, and then to die:
Thus *Flora* is the Virgins Type,
The ſweeteſt fruits are ſooneſt ripe.

Can Artiſts mingle white and read,
Such as in her fair Nature bred?
O envious fate! O horrid ſin!
To ſtain with Death ſo white a skin;
The greedy worms ſcarce now do waſt her,
Taking her Corps for Alablaſter:
So young, ſo quick ſhe did decay,
We judge ſhe's gone the Milky way.
Thus flowers in the field we ſpie
To bud, to blow, and then to die:
Thus *Flora* is the Virgins Type;
The ſweeteſt fruits are ſooneſt ripe.

THOMAS MARTIN,
Stud. Ox.

Upon

Upon the Deceaſe

OF

Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY:

Who dyed of a Feaver.

CAMBRIDGE.

TO ſigh to flitting Souls good night w'are taught
By Nature; that their rotting Corps be brought
To th' grave, and there in black and heavy night
(An Embleme of their State) hid from our ſight
Is Cuſtome (practis'd ſure leſt their pale ſheet
Upbraid us with our pride, ſince 'tis unmeet,
That man on earth in gaudy ſilk ſhould goe
Whilſt man lies rotting meanly clad below ;)
Religion, ſent from Heaven the cheerful'ſt light
Souls have in this their melancholy night
On earth, tells us good news, decyphers clear
To doubting man the State and Country where
His Soul ſhall dwell; tells that the Grave no more
Than th' wardrobe is, where th' Cloth's are left in ſtore
That ſhall be worn again, that th' duſt ſhall be
A bed of down and roſes; ſure to thee
Fair Soul, it is arriv'd in tender years
To ſuch great vertue as we need not fear

The iron hand, nor Law of ſurly Fate
Will force thee down again into a State
Of anxious trial, no, thou'lt flit no more,
Though that were truth which holy *Pythagore*
Beleev'd and taught of old; Vertues ſure ſign,
Beauty ſhone in thy face, that face of thine
(Made to confute an Atheiſt (where to find
Divinity was eaſie) and remind
The dulleſt Souls of Heaven, what beauties there,
How pure and exquiſite ſince ſuch are here)
When we with wondring Eye did it behold,
The fairer beauty of thy mind it told
Us of. Though beauty ag'd Philoſophy
Contemns; Since Vertue is but Harmony
Betwixt two jarring Souls in Man, 'tis beſt
Methinks by an harmonious face expreſt.

J. RICHARDSON.

A. M. Cam.

AN

AN ELEGIE,

Upon the Death of his dear Kinſwoman

Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY:

CAMBRIDGE.

BY thy dear memory (Fair Nymph) I vow,
(An oath than *Styx* more ſacred) could I now
Wind up my languid Muſe unto a height,
Or to my Love or Grief proportionate;
I'd ſing thy Dirge's in an equal ſtrain
To that, which once to *Orpheus* did regain
His loſt *Euridice*, prolong her date,
Revers'd the Sentence of relenting Fate:
Which *Pluto* made an unknown paſſion feel,
And ſtopp'd the motion of *Ixions* wheel:
The Snake-head Furies laid their Whip's aſide,
Pitying the loſs of ſo belov'd a bride:
They, who till ſuch ſweet Raptures did them move,
Ne'r wept, unleſs for envy, wept for Love.
To ſuch brave heights my numbers ſhould aſpire,
Were they as thou deſerv'ſt, or I deſire:
But's vain to wiſh; Nor can my Muſe be brought
To act a miracle, or e'r be taught

A flight so lofty, In an humble way
She moves, not as she should, but as she may;
But were she warm'd with a far nobler fire,
Yet of all passions grief can worst inspire.
Grief's only grief when pent up in the breast
And ceaseth to be such when once expreſt.
Who can couch grief in Verses, may as soon
Make tears keep cadence, and put groanes in tune.
Orpheus could ne'r have done it, were he not
Born of a Muse, and by *Apollo* got.
But thou (Fair Virgin) honour of thy Name,
Need'st no such weak supporters of thy Fame,
As my poor Rythmes; others shall sing thy praise,
And trim thy Garland with more lasting bayes;
Yet one small Sprig I bring and offer it,
A Monument more of my Love than wit.

AN EPITAPH.

UNder this little Stone entombed lyes,
One that at Ten was Vertuous, Fair and Wise;
And in so short a time attain'd to more
Perfection, than others at a score.
Young as she was, Wise Providence did know;
Sh' was fitter far for Heaven, then us below.
But had she liv'd (in short her worth to say)
Sh' had added honour to the Name of GRAY.

W. WOLRYCHE.

Ch. C. Cam. Socius.

Another

Another Elegie.

WHat were our ills ſo little, or our paſt
Calamities ſo ſlight, that we muſt taſt
Another cup more bitter far, and more
Mingled with Gall then any yet before?
Will all the ſad diſaſters of our times,
So little ſerve to expiate our crimes?
But muſt we yet be puniſh'd, but muſt we
Suffer all o'r again by loſing thee?
Ah! miſerable world, from whence away,
What's good makes haſt, and evils only ſtay.
Say pretty Nymph, what cauſe remote and ſtrange
Produc'd this ſuddain, this prodigious change.
Scarce had thy morning ſpread its mantle gray,
And we begun t'expect a glorious day,
When on the ſuddain, ah! we loſe thy light,
Involved in a melancholy night.
Thoſe penetrating Sages, which of old
The Præ-exiſtency of Souls did hold,
Affirmed, that for ſome offences they
Sunk in this world, and were immur'd in clay;
Were they ſurviving now, ſure they would more
Believe the Doctrine then they did of yore.
Thou unto whom th' impartial Fates did owe
What e'r was good, wouldſt not with us below
Have ſtaid ſo ſhort a while, unleſs it were
A puniſhment to be detained here.
How are my hopes deluded! how do they
Melt as the dew before the Morning Ray!

When in ſo fair a body I did find
Such an accompliſh'd and heroick mind,
Which rais'd above her ſex, at no thing more
Aſpir'd, than vertue and ingenious lore;
Well might I hope and ſay, Happy the time
When thou (Fair Maid) ſhalt have attain'd thy prime!
The Muſes then muſt flouriſh as I gueſs,
When bleſt in ſuch a noble Patroneſs,
And this degenerate Age when it ſhall ſee,
Embodied vertue in beholding thee,
Will that and Learning have in greater price,
That's now grown proud of Ignorance and Vice.
Hither ye tender Nymphes, and youthful Swaines,
The growing glories of the neighbour plaines,
Bend your ſad fainting ſteps, and year by year,
Render the cheap oblation of a tear;
So when Death ſhall have ſeiz'd you, may you have
Both Tears and Flowers ſcatter'd on your grave.
If e'r of parts or beauty proud ye be,
Ah! think, and think with ſorrow what was ſhe!
How fair! how ſweet! how much above the reſt
Of comely grace, and pregnant parts poſſeſt!
Yet all theſe brights and beauties vaniſh'd are,
Like the ſhort glories of a gliding Star.
No more ye Nymphs and Shepheards, now no more
The Fair SUSANNA as extinct deplore,
She lives, the Star which now did diſappear,
Shines brighter out, fix'd in its proper ſphear;
And to us weary mortals doth diſpence
Its light and ſalutary influence.
Fair Virgin, whether thou augment the train
Of the chaſt huntreſs on the *Delian* plain;

Or

Or whether unto *Venus* thou beeſt given
To make the number of the graces even;
Where e'r thou art, and whatſoe'r thou be,
Be gracious and propitious to me.
Be thou a Muſe in ſtead of Nine, and give
Life to his rithmes that fain would make thee live.

W. WOLRYCHE,

Ch. C. Cam. Socius,

CAMBRIDGE.

VAin life! more vain than men who wiſh thee long,
Than fickle weather of the living world:
Slipp'ry deceitful bubble! ſwell'd, not ſtrong,
Now puſt with Air, ſtraight into nothing hurld.

Thou maſquerade of pleaſure! only fools,
Idle or guilty perſons court thy ſtay;
Thou doſt leſs ſatisfie than talking Schools,
False lights, and falſer Tinſel make thee gay.

When heaven would curſe us, then it hears thoſe pray'rs
We make for thee; but with thee ſends thy train
Of craft, fears, ſickneſs, marriage, children, cares,
Which when we have, we grieve; when want, complain.

But thou (young Saint) wiſely foreſaw'ſt, how foul,
Rugged, and winding was this falſe life's way,
And timely ſtop'ſt the chariot of thy ſoul,
Nor traveld'ſt on where thou muſt fall or ſtray.

Nor need thy tender Mother's ſtubborn grief,
While ſhe her beauty's Image thus bewailes,
The ſubſtance waſt; 'tis not death, but relief,
This world's but larger walks, our bodies jayles.

For thou haſt ſcap'd the Ill that Cities, Courts,
Servants, and Schools, wit and great parts do teach;
Practis'd

Practis'd that Innocence even in thy ſports,
Which we with aged ſtudy hardly reach.

Our ſhort life here's no loſs, ſo it be good,
And we are made not to live long, but well;
For ought we know our Sires before the flood
Did not one minute thy Soul's age excel.

Youth is but hope, and hope if rightly weigh'd,
Examples guide; but in this ſtage of vice
Are more examples that to ill perſwade,
Then ſuch as makes us vertuous or wiſe.

Before that pride and luſt, the fruits of age,
The Sacred Temple of thy mind had ſpoild,
Thou part'ſt from hence in ſafe and holy rage,
Angry that ſo much whiteneſs ſhould be ſoild.

Thus Roſes opening in a full-blown eye,
Look out and try what neighbour-plants they have,
But meeting naught but weeds, fall ſick and dye,
Sink back into their Roots, their welcome Grave.

THO. STANDISH.

A. M. Ch. C. Cam. Socius

Another Elegie.

CAMBRIDGE.

NYmph, as youth and beauty fair,
Calm as undiſturbed Air;
Sweet as Roſes in the bud,
And as Guardian Angels good;
Wiſe as wrinkled age, to skill
Of what is good, though not of ill;
Who in the time of hopes, by deed
Did'ſt hopes and wiſhes both exceed;
Like Trees whoſe ſtrange Autumnal Spring
At once doth fruit and bloſſoms bring.
Why would'ſt thy flatt'red friends beguile,
By tarrying here ſo ſhort a while?
Whoſe angry ſorrow makes them wiſh
They ne'r had known ſo ſhort a bliſs,
Since by its little ſtay they be
Receptive of more miſery;
Juſt as the Pilgrim that has found
A treaſure long hid under ground,
Straight falling into Robbers hands,
Appalled and diſtracted ſtands,
And curſes ſore his fortune, croſt
As much in that he found as loſt.

Oh

Oh they moſt happy be that leaſt
Conceive falſe hopes within their breaſt!
If thoſe deceitfull boughs were gon
That profer fruits, but part with none,
Or thoſe falſe waves ta'n from thy Lip,
Which fain thou wouldſt, but cannot ſip;
How great a ſhare of woes would be
Remov'd ſad *Tantalus* from thee?
Delicious Virgin, fain I would
Compoſe an Elegie that ſhould
In lively colours pourtraict forth
A paſſion fitted to thy worth:
But as in the foregoing times,
Unwilling to behold our crimes;
To Heaven incenſt *Aſtrea* flew,
And with her Faith and Juſtice drew:
So now I fear ſince thou art dead,
All Harmony with thee is fled.

WILLIAM WOLVYCHE,

Ch. C. Cam. Socius.

UPON

The Untimely Death

OF

Mrs. SUSANNA GRAY:

Who dyed of a Feaver.

WHo ſo confines his grief, that it can lye
Within the circle of a wat'ry eye,
And in ſuch cadence does his words let fall
To ſpeak his ſorrows more Rhetorical,
Who blends expreſſions ſo, none knows w'ther he
A cloſer Mourner, or a Poet be,
Whoſe lines, like playted draughts, in one ſhew two;
Here the true Mourner, there the Poet too;
Muſt here be dumb on ſuch a ſubject, where
All comma's ſighes ſhould be, each point a tear:
Where to ſpeak nothing were to ſpeak the beſt,
And to ſpeak moſt were but to ſpeak the leaſt:

Where

Where eyes are only vocal, and create
Such tears as truly prove articulate.
Let *Flora* now then ſummon ev'ry tear
From the Earths dewy lap, and ſtrew it here
Inſtead of Fun'ral flowers, 'tis ſorrow bids
Squeeze the ſoft Fleeces of the Heavenly Kids;
The *Idumaan* Balſome too ſhould weep,
But that her lazy drops too ſlowly creep;
Each Gum diſtilling tree ſhould mourn, that ſo
Our griefs like her, might Aromatique flow;
Her, who was ripe i'th' Bud, who only knew
No actual ſin, and yet was mortal too:
In whom, as center'd, Vertues ſhin'd, that we
In this Pantheon all their ſhrines might ſee;
On whom ſuch graces Nature did confer,
All Poets fancies were but Types of her,
Whoſe Vertues ſtamp'd the name of truth on all,
Which in her ſex we do but Fictions call;
Whoſe wit did antedate her years, that ſhe
Was a *Minerva* in Epitome.
Her Mother (ſo much Beauty ſhined here)
To find her own true Picture, ſure did ne'r
Conſult her Chriſtal Oracle, ſince 'twas
Preſented livelyer here than in her glaſs;
For in ſo ſmall a hand (which makes it rare)
Nature ne'r writ a copy half ſo fair:
That Souls fram'd Bodies would have here ſeem'd true,
And both might have been thought immortal too;
And had not Death prevented our deſign,
W'had equally ador'd both Saint and ſhrine.
But now that Star is ſet, whoſe early ray
Promis'd the world a never-dying day,

Yet don't believe her dead, but ſince ſhe's gone,
Think it to Heaven a tranſmigration,
To glorifie her, ſure there's none can fear
A change, ſhe was ſo much an angel here.

EDMUND ANDERSON.

Coll. Reg. Socius.

MADAM,

MADAM,

LEt not this renew the wound, which is ſent, by Gods Grace to cloſe it, and if it might be, to bury your paſſion in the ſame grave with your Child; and at laſt to divert your ſorrow, which may not otherwayes be abated with melancholly diſcourſes; and even by the pious memory of your dear loſs, whereof nothing is left to be injoyed but her memory, which certainly deſerves a better Monument. But 'tis (you know) one of the precepts of the 12. Tables, That Monuments are not to be carv'd.

After this reſpite of time, you have, I hope, recovered ſome liberty to diſpute with your grief, which is much ſafer, than to argue it with that great King to whom none may ſay, What doſt thou? Let me but awaken your own reaſon, which as it is ſtrong and maſterly above others, would ſurely prevail as much over your own paſſion, did you not caſt too many mourning-hoods and veyles over it. Why do you chew the bitter Pils, that being quietly ſwallow'd with ſubmiſſion to your Great Phyſitian, might by this time had an healthy operation; And (as Bees are ſaid to turn the bitt'reſt Thyme into the beſt Hony) might help to convert your earthly diſcontents into ſome degrees of holy content, into a calm devotion, and a free contempt of the World, without a wearineſs of it? Why do you cheriſh a feſtring ſore, and ſit down

under

under your ſorrow wich *Rachel*, and will not be comforted? Why do you indulge ſad thoughts, and ſeek only Sunleſs days and dark rooms and walks, as it were to tempt the Spirit of Darkneſs, which only appears in the night, and poſſeſſes ſad dark Souls as its own proper dominions, ſo that our Saviour in his Agony and heavineſs of Spirit ſeem'd to complain. This is the hour and power of darkneſs, *Luke* 22. 53. And St. *Paul* out of a tender jealoſie over the dejected excommunicate deſired he might inſtantly be comforted, leaſt he might be ſwallowed up with overmuch ſorrow, 2. *Cor.* 2. 7. and verſ. 11. Leſt Satan ſhould get an advantage over him, whoſe wiles and baites are laid in theſe deep waters; to whom we give too much place, when we ſtay too long in theſe regions of darkneſs and diſcomfort, and yield to any paſſion the liberty of abode or rule, to continue or to exceed, *Eph.* 4. 26, 27. And may you not juſtly fear this Spirit of Darkneſs, hath made ſome intrenchment and impreſſion upon your Spirit, when your ſorrow, that hath now outworn your blacks, begins to plead afreſh for it ſelf under ſcruples of conſcience? While you impute the death of your Child ſometimes to your journey to *London*, ſometimes to your ſecret ſins; and to embitter your tears you will look on your ſelf as the murtherer. As if to bring your Child to the beſt School of Nurture, were only to preſent her to the Grave: and a journey made for good and important ends rendered you lyable or guilty of all the ſad accidents of Providence. That Death which you believe

lieve you travaild to, follows you, attends you in all places. Your comfort lies in this, that the action you undertook was not only Lawfull, but Requiſite, and behooful: and that your intention was as good and innocent as the action; that the event (which God alone overrules) hath turn'd your intended Service to a Funeral, to a Journey to the other World; and hath brought your Child to the Society of Spirits made perfect, in ſtead of an education, is to be entertaind, not only with ſubmiſſion, but with chearful thankfulneſs to the Father of Spirits. Your other reflection on your own ſins as the provocations of ſo ſharp chaſtiſement, is not by me to be refuſed, but by you to be improved to an active holy ſorrow, that may bring a healing virtue to theſe troubled waters, and put an End to it ſelf, in purſuing the enemy to an End. Seeing ſorrow for ſin, is for an evil, that is in our power to remove, and it then holds the right courſe and channel, when its ſtream and current tends to overbear and drown the evil. Sorrow for ſin, were it ſincere, would bow you to an humble and quiet ſubmiſſion to the ſentence and puniſhment of that ſin, and at laſt raiſe you from prayers, and confeſſions in a chearful hope of pardon, and a firm deteſtation and reſolution againſt that ſin that troubles you. Otherwiſe you may ſuſpect your grief no leſs diſguiſed than that of the *Athenian* Player, who brought an overclouded countenance, and eyes overcharged with grief, even to deject the beholders, as he pretended, for the publick loſs, when he had plac'd behind the

curtain a dead Son. Beyond ſuch diſguiſes your ſorrow ought to be improved, to diſcharge your indignation againſt your own irregular affections, and not againſt Gods righteous diſpoſing of all things: now to nurture and educate your own deſires, in ſtead of your Childs; ſo to bear Gods chaſtiſements, as you would require your Child ſhould have born yours, either without repining and impatience, or without dejection, and heavineſs. Otherwiſe, as you would threaten farther correction to a Child ſo untractable, ſo are you to fear ſharper rebukes from your Heavenly Father.

How am I tranſported to Chide your grief, inſtead of comforting you: 'Tis true: We all excuſe ſorrow for friends departed, as a ſign of good nature; yet are we not to proſecute ſo far our natural affections to deceaſed friends, as to forget the greater tye of Piety, and reſignation we owe to the all-diſpoſing power of Heaven. We are not henceforth to ſpend our life, like the man poſſeſſed with a Legion, amongſt Graves, forſaking Temples, and Houſes, and abandoning utterly the better ſervices we owe to the living, (even the living God or man.)

Let not your grief ſo far blind you (as ſome indeed have wept out their eyes) as not to conſider, the very tears you ſhed ſo exceſſively are 1. Fruitleſs, 2. Dangerous, and 3. Impious, and to be wept over again.

1. Fruitleſs, as ſhowers on dead plants, that cannot revive the faln flower. And had your tears the virtue and power over Heaven to recal your dear

dear loſs, I doubt not but your love for piety to God, or to your infant, is ſo tender, that you would more ſparingly ſhed thoſe tears which ſhould wreſt your bleſſed Infant from her Saviours arms, to fall down into the embraces of a Mother. If her ſtate be ſuch, as you believe, ſo full of bliſs, that you could not wiſh altered, Why do you proſecute the tranſlated Innocent with lamentations, as if you would call it back? Why do you not riſe from grief, and turn your moanes into praiſes; and follow, as the primitive Chriſtians did, the departed Spirit with Pſalms and Hymnes, as it were to ſhare in the Halelujahs, and in the celeſtial joyes, wherein the ſeparate Soul is enfranchis'd. This at leaſt ſhould check your tears, that like Torrents they flow in no ſet courſe or channel, with no rational deſign, without end, and to no end.

II. Conſider again your tears not more unprofitable to the dead, than hurtful to the living: not able to recal the departed Spirit, but too powerful to haſten your Fate, and to caſt you into the grave you mourn over. The heart muſt at laſt faint with continual bleeding inwardly. How doth this mourning render you indiſpoſed to all civil and Religious duties? and makes you lying too long under water, like grounds too long overflow'd, not only loſe the better fruit of your life, but abound in weeds? How doth this immoderate grief, like continual clouds, and ſhowers, diſtemper the air of your mind, and bring as great a diſtemper with it on the earth you carry about you, your body? But this were to raiſe very petty prejudices againſt

that ſorrow, which you at laſt hold dearer then your life, or health: yet not dearer then your other life, wherein you expect a renew'd enjoyment of your Child; which therefore you ought not to hazard, by the impiety of ſo continual repining againſt Heaven.

III. What is that you ſo eagerly proſecute with ſuch immoderate affection, that no earthly comfort, God himſelf cannot pleaſe you, without the fruition of that one delight, God hath debar'd you of? What is it that you ſo vehemently deſire, that you hear not God ſpeaking to you, as *Elkanah* to *Hannah*, *why weepeſt thou? and why eateſt thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? am I not better to thee than many Children?* This your diſcontent cannot otherwiſe be expounded than a great defect of filial ſubmiſſion: or (as *Jonah*'s grief was interpreted by God himſelf, *Doſt thou well to be angry?* Jonah 4. 4.) a ſecret diſcontent and anger againſt the Almighty.

1 Sam. 1. 8.

If nothing will ſweeten theſe bitter waters of *Marah*, let me caſt at laſt the wood of the Croſs into it; Your own Spirit will tax you of high ingratitude againſt God, if you cannot patiently yield him a Child, who gave his only Son to you.

St. *Auſtin* queſtioning his impotent grief for the loſs of a dear friend (into whoſe Grave he could willingly have thrown himſelf, as one hating the world wherein his friend appeared not, and yet fearing to dye, leaſt the reliques of his friend might periſh with him, which were only reſerved in his memory) at laſt followed the black ſtream to its head,

head and fountain, and having diſputed out the reaſon of ſo mad a paſſion, he found his immoderate carnal ſorrow, bred from immoderate carnal deſires: that he had plac'd an affection due to the immortal on a mortal frayl thing, an affection more laſting than its object. Whereupon to prevent the miſchief of overgrowing paſſions, he checks his affection, with this advice and reſolution, never hereafter to love any thing, or any perſon, but in the Lord, where he is to be found even after he is loſt.

How have I wearied you, while I ſeek to divert your grief, which is back'd by too ſtrong a reaſon, to be aſſwaged or confuted by my objections and cavillings? Yet it is not above that remedy of the Apoſtles (*James* 5. 13.) wherein I ſhall joyn with you, and pray that God may lead you by this cloud, as he did his children of old, to the Land of the Living: that to this end he would never depart from this cloud; or ſuffer it (while he doth ſuffer it) to hang over his Mercy-ſeat, that the loſs of ſo dear relations may call all our thoughts to that place, where friends ſhall again meet, and never part! AMEN.

Come Lord JESUS *come quickly.*

Pſal. 84. verſ. 4.

Bleſſed are they that dwell in thy houſe, they will ſtill be praiſing thee. Selah.

ALLELUIA.

SUSANNA ROSA JUNONIA.

OR

Mrs. *Susanna Grays* Epilogue, in ſtead of an Epitaph.

SPectators you have ſeen the lines before
Prologue to th' Book, and read them o'r and o'r
As well they merit; for you cannot find
A fault in them. Th' Erratas are behind.
Y'have read the Sermon too; The Tragedy
Wherein the Queen of Love doth live and dye.
In the rich Language of that Great Divine,
That mighty Workman in the Sacred Nine.
My Task is now the Epilogue to fit,
To ſatisfie enquirers after it.
What of this Virgin is become! A Grave
Her Body ſhrouds; her Tomb exceeding brave,
Not of dead Stone, like *Artemiſias* Frame,
To keep alive a worthy Husbands name,
But a quick *Niobe*, whoſe Marble breſt
Melts not in tears; but being whole poſſeſt
With contemplation of her Loved Child,
A nobler way her monument doth build.
Living, like her, alife without a ſeam,
A Heavenly Temper, an Eternal Theam
For Tongues and Pens, while pure SUSANNA's mind
Reigns with the Virgin, in a Throne deſign'd
Twixt her and *Magdalen*; Two Crowns ſhe wore
Of Grace and Vertue here. For evermore
Of Glory the next, Gods Holyneſs puts on,
Whil'ſt Angels ſing, Welcome thou bleſſed one.

FINIS.